

6080. By Mr. CRAMTON: Petition of Rev. W. J. O'Rourke and the parishioners of Sacred Heart Church, Caro, Mich., protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6081. By Mr. DOREMUS: Petition of Polar Bear Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, No. 436, of Detroit, Mich., commending the Department of Justice in suppressing radical organizations that advocate the overthrow of our Government by force and violence; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

6082. By Mr. EMERSON: Petition of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, of Cleveland, Ohio, opposing the nationalization of industry; to the Committee on Agriculture.

6083. By Mr. KELLY of Pennsylvania: Petition of the Knights of St. George, of Pittsburgh, Pa., protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6084. By Mr. KENNEDY of Rhode Island: Resolution of Council Marguerite Bourgeois, L'Union St. Jean Baptiste d'Amerique, Pawtucket, R. I., protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6085. Also, resolutions of Council Marie Stuart, Pawtucket; Council Gagnon, Woonsocket; Council St. Jean Baptiste, Central Falls; Council Juliette, Woonsocket; Council Notre Dame de Lourdes, Providence; and Council Marie de L'Incarnation, Woonsocket, all in the State of Rhode Island, all affiliated with L'Union St. Jean Baptiste d'Amerique, protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6086. Also, resolutions of Council St. Jean Baptiste, L'Union St. Jean Baptiste d'Amerique, of Manville, and Council Madeleine de Vercheres, of Woonsocket, both in the State of Rhode Island, protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6087. By Mr. KLECZKA: Petition of 670 citizens of Milwaukee, Wis., protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill providing for Federal aid to State schools; to the Committee on Education.

6088. Also, petition of St. Catherine's Court 246, W. C. O. F., protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6089. By Mr. MAGEE: Petition of Mr. Joseph Haas and other citizens of Syracuse, N. Y., protesting against alleged conditions in the occupied zone on the Rhine; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

6090. By Mr. O'CONNELL: Petition of the Merchants' Association of New York, favoring an appropriation of \$20,000 for the retention of the passport office in New York City; to the Committee on Appropriations.

6091. By Mr. HENRY T. RAINEY: Petition of B. R. Pruitt and other citizens of Beardstown, Ill., favoring beer and light wines and opposing the Sunday blue laws; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

6092. By Mr. RAKER: Petition of J. F. Baker, of Copperopolis; Henry W. Bowen, of Woodlief; A. G. Chapman, of Guadalupe; George Shane, of Napa; W. C. Brown, of Beswick; all in the State of California, asking extra compensation for star-route contractors; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

6093. Also, petition of the Pasadena Ice Co., of Pasadena, Calif., favoring a 1-cent drop-letter rate; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

6094. Also, petition of the Solano Farm Bureau, of Fairfield, Calif., urging a protective tariff on olives; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

6095. Also, petition of Maillard & Schmiedell, of San Francisco; Moore Shipbuilding Co., of Oakland; and the California White & Sugar Pine Manufacturers' Association, of San Francisco, all in the State of California, protesting against the Federal live-stock bill and the Federal coal bill; to the Committee on Agriculture.

6096. Also, petition of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, urging protection for the epsom salts industry of California; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

6097. Also, petition of the Improvement Club of Auburn, and the Alpha Literary and Improvement Club of Lompoc, both in the State of California, indorsing the Smith-Towner bill, the Sheppard-Towner bill, the Rogers bill, and the Fess bill; to the Committee on Education.

6098. Also, petition of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, by Seth Man, opposing that section of House bill 9521 which makes dairy products cold-storage goods if moving in refrigeration for more than 10 days; to the Committee on Agriculture.

6099. Also, petition of Herbert Myrick, of Springfield, Mass., in support of the Muscle Shoals project; to the Committee on Appropriations.

6100. By Mr. RIORDAN: Petition of George Gregory and sundry citizens of New Brighton and Long Island, N. Y., protesting against the occupation of Germany by French colonial troops; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

6101. By Mr. TEMPLE: Petition of Albert A. Reineke, of Monaca, Pa., protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6102. By Mr. WOODYARD: Petition of James Wood Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Parkersburg, W. Va., favoring the passage of the Fess-Capper bill; to the Committee on Education.

6103. By Mr. ZIHLMAN: Petition of Hagerstown Central Labor Union, favoring the establishment of trade relations with the Russian Government; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

6104. Also, petition of Washington Camp, No. 41, Patriotic Order Sons of America, through Elmer Lewis, president, Thomas G. Jeffries, secretary, and Thomas H. Morgan, favoring immediate passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6105. By Mr. BABKA: Petition of Licensed Tugman's Protective Association, Local No. 5, Cleveland, Ohio, favoring a duty on imported fish; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

6106. By Mr. GLYNN: Petition of the General Board of L'Union St. Jean-Baptiste d'Amerique, Waterbury, Conn., protesting against the passage of the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6107. Also, petition of Washington Camp, No. 18, Patriotic Order Sons of America, Waterbury, Conn., to make armistice day, November 11, a State and National holiday; to the Committee on the Library.

6108. By Mr. YATES: Petition of Mr. William Weindel, of Pierron, Ill., protesting against the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6109. Also, petition of Mr. L. M. Pierron, of Pierron, Ill., protesting against the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6110. Also, petition of Mr. O. B. McGlasson, of Chicago, Ill., of the McNeil & Higgins Co., Chicago, protesting against the cold-storage bill, which has been referred to the Senate and House conference committee; to the Committee on Agriculture.

6111. Also, petition of Mr. R. J. Schreiber, of Pierron, Ill., protesting against the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6112. Also, petition of Mr. W. J. Abbott, Pierron, Ill., protesting against the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6113. Also, petition of Mr. Oscar Frey, of Pierron, Ill., protesting against the Smith-Towner Bill; to the Committee on Education.

6114. Also, petition of Miss Aloys Bock, of Pierron, Ill., protesting against the Smith-Towner bill; to the Committee on Education.

6115. Also, petition of Mr. Albert N. Merritt, of Chicago, Ill., protesting against the conference-committee amendments to the cold-storage bill as passed by the Senate; to the Committee on Agriculture.

6116. Also, petition of Mr. William Fellowes Morgan, of the Merchants' Association of New York, N. Y., protesting against the Muscle Shoals project; to the Committee on Agriculture.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, February 27, 1921.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon, and was called to order by Mr. FORDNEY as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our heavenly Father, possess with Thy spirit our souls; for spirit may meet spirit and soul mingle with soul in consolation and hope.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man shall hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

We have assembled to memorialize the lives, characters, and public services of two men who have served upon the floor of this House and left behind them records that may give light and comfort to those who follow them. Be with their comrades, friends, and kinsfolk in this hour of distress and sorrow. Comfort them with the blessed hope of the immortality of the soul, that has come down to us through the ages and has been recorded in public writ.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I should have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Blessed thought! We thank Thee, our Father, for that thought, for that consolation, for that hope; in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE JOURNAL.

Mr. McLAUGHLIN of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal be deferred until to-morrow.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Michigan asks unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal be deferred until to-morrow. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE NICHOLS, OF MICHIGAN.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. McLAUGHLIN of Michigan, by unanimous consent, Ordered, That Sunday, February 27, 1921, at 12 o'clock noon, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public service of Hon. CHARLES A. NICHOLS, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Mr. McLAUGHLIN of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Michigan offers a resolution, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 700.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES A. NICHOLS, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of the day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. DOREMUS. Mr. Speaker, we assemble to-day to honor the memory of and pay our tribute of respect to a departed colleague.

CHARLES A. NICHOLS was the son of Thomas and Jane Fletcher Nichols, and was born at Boyne, Mich., August 25, 1876. Early in life he manifested a deep interest in politics. His first active political work was performed in the campaign of 1896. Although at that time scarcely 21 years of age he organized a First Voters' McKinley Club and was elected its president. Soon thereafter he became a newspaper reporter, beginning his journalistic work on the Detroit Journal, with which paper he remained for about two years. In 1898 he became attached to the staff of the Detroit News, upon which paper he achieved a country-wide reputation as a reporter and investigator of crimes.

About 20 years ago a woman's body was uncovered in the woods near the village of Royal Oak, Mich., where it had lain for nearly a year. Much of the clothing had been torn from the body. The feet had been stripped of shoes, and there was no evidence to prove the identification of the victim. The police were baffled and had about given up hope of solving the mystery when Mr. NICHOLS went to work on the case. The masterly manner in which he handled this celebrated case and landed the murderer in the penitentiary is yet fresh in the minds of many people in Michigan. It is regarded in police annals as one of the finest pieces of detective work ever done in Michigan or in any other State. He remained with the News until July 1, 1905, when he was appointed secretary of the Detroit police department.

In 1909 Mr. NICHOLS was elected clerk of the city of Detroit. He was reelected, serving in that capacity for a period of four years. He was a strong supporter of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 and went down to defeat with the progressive leader as a candidate for reelection to the office of city clerk. Two years later he was a candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket in the new thirteenth district of Michigan and was elected. He was reelected in 1916 and again in 1918. In Congress he soon became known to his colleagues as a man of independent thought and action. It was his fortune to serve during the most momentous period of American history, and on all questions which came before Congress he was guided by a fine spirit of patriotism. Indeed, I may truthfully say that in his public career Mr. NICHOLS steadfastly refused to sacrifice principle for

expediency. He never hesitated to place what he believed to be his country's welfare above personal considerations. At the time of his death he was a member of the Committees on the Public Lands, Insular Affairs, Industrial Arts and Expositions, and the chairman of the Census Committee.

I speak to-day of our departed friend and colleague as one who knew him intimately. Close personal association with him gave me an opportunity to fairly assess those qualities of mind and heart which endeared him to his friends and stamped him a man's man and a faithful public servant. First of all, being true to nature, he could not be otherwise than true to himself. Ostentation and display were foreign to his nature. In him there was no taint of affectation.

Mr. NICHOLS had a keen sense of his responsibility to the public. He squared his official acts with his highest conception of duty. He possessed moral courage to an exceptional degree, and when the path of duty lay clear he never hesitated to follow it.

When quite a young man the work of providing for his mother devolved upon him. It was a duty that he never shirked, and his devotion to her continued until the hour of his death.

His friends were his most valued possessions. Among them his happiest hours were passed. His loyalty to them was intense. He found great delight in doing little acts of kindness. It can be truly said of him that he left the world better than he found it. What better monument can any man rear to his memory?

Mr. SMITH of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, we meet to-day to commemorate the life and character of our departed friend and colleague, CHARLES A. NICHOLS. He departed this life in the noonday of his active career, in the city of Washington, at the age of 44 years. He passed away at his home where he was entertaining friends, and apparently in the best of health. There is not one of us who knew him who did not feel that in his departure he had lost a personal friend. He was kind-hearted, of a pleasing disposition, manly, upright, courteous, and knew the value of friends. He was serving his third term in Congress. He started a poor orphan boy, and was the author of his own career. He was born in Michigan. His first work was that of journalism, then secretary of the police commission of his home city, afterwards city clerk of Detroit, which position he held for two terms. Then the opportunity came and he was elected to the Sixty-fourth Congress from the thirteenth district of Michigan. The successful career of our departed friend shows the opportunity that any young man of ordinary ability has in our country for advancement. Here wealth, position, and honor are the prizes offered for energy, and every poor boy can compete. I might add that failure only comes to those who let opportunity go, or are indifferent to their own best interests. Mr. NICHOLS was a man of untiring energy, industrious, and of good, plain, everyday judgment and common sense. We all miss him, and now that his book of life is closed we may still revere his memory, praise his good qualities, and are pleased that we knew him.

What the future holds for us we know not. Whether we cross the river in darkness, or we are ushered to a higher and better life, where happiness awaits, it is not given us to know. The intelligence of the world, the highest and brightest minds, all believe in a Divinity, and that the future is eternal. But we are authors of our own career in this life, and for guidance I have often thought of the admonition of the revered Bryant—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. NICHOLS was at the time of his decease very much interested in adjusted compensation for the World War veterans. Indeed, he had a deep solicitation for their welfare, not only during the war, but afterwards. He was instrumental in having the Three hundred and thirty-ninth Regiment returned from Russia, and went to the seacoast to accompany the remains of the boys who had made the supreme sacrifice for their country back to their long homes. I think Mr. NICHOLS would be glad to have this said of him because of his untiring efforts in their behalf. He wished them to have an extra compensation as a slight contribution to the financial sacrifices they made to join the service and sustain the flag.

I was privileged to attend his funeral in his home city of Detroit. His body lay in state in the city hall, where he had devoted his services in former years to the welfare of his city. Throngs crowded the corridors, civic societies passed by his

remains, showing the high esteem and respect in which he had engrafted himself into the affection of the inhabitants of all classes in the city; and as he lived, upright and just and true in life, so now will we with affectionate remembrance hold him in high esteem in the innermost recesses of our remembrance as our friend and colleague, an upright citizen, and leave him not to be forgotten, but remembered for all time to come. We can only say adieu and abide our time, when we must all make the same journey. May it be well with us then as I am sure it was with Mr. NICHOLS.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—Tennyson.

Mr. CURRIE of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, it is fitting and proper that we should gather here and endeavor to honor, in a humble way, the memory of our late colleague. We miss his companionship and his counsel. In his untimely death family and friends were grievously shocked and the Nation suffered a distinct loss.

Mr. NICHOLS, through diligent and faithful service, had reached a high place in the councils of the greatest legislative body on the face of the earth. He was chairman of the Committee on Census. Every 10 years a Federal census is taken, and the legislation for the census of 1920 stands as the handiwork of the Hon. CHARLES A. NICHOLS.

He was a student of public affairs who never lost sight of his mission and trust. His vigorous efforts before committees and upon the floor of the House accomplished much good and saved the Nation vast sums of money. His earnest and aggressive work before governmental bureaus and departments brought relief and happiness to many a weary and discouraged soldier and sailor boy. No person was too humble for an audience with him, and no man was great enough to deter him in his mission of right and justice as he saw it.

The soldiers had in him a true and sympathetic friend. I remember that when the first ship bearing bodies of our heroes who died in Russia was on its way to the United States it was Mr. NICHOLS who challenged the attention of Congress to its duty on behalf of the Nation to honor their memory by a suitable service at the docks in New York.

Along life's pathway, whether it was as a press reporter, city official, or a Congressman of the United States, his thought and action showed him the friend of man. No testimonial of high esteem that our words may speak here to-day can equal that mute tribute by thousands of his home people at Detroit—rich, poor, humble, and great—who formed a procession that was hours in passing as his body lie in state at the city hall.

My friends, the true test of a successful life is not how long but how useful to his fellow beings; and, measured by that standard, the life of CHARLES A. NICHOLS was a distinct success.

Mr. CRAMTON. Mr. Speaker, it is very timely that as we are gathered here to-day to pay tribute to the services of our colleague, CHARLES A. NICHOLS, mention should be made of the fact that it was through his activity that the Congress, representing the people of the Nation, arranged that tribute should be paid at New York when the first of our dead from the Great War came back to our shores. It was the occasion of the return of the dead of the Three hundred and thirty-ninth Regiment from northern Russia, but they chanced to be the first of our Nation's dead to be returned, and Mr. NICHOLS felt that that opportunity should not be permitted to pass without the Nation paying its tribute, not only to those dead but to all who had given their lives in the great conflict upon the other side. Through his activity at the War Department and on the floor of this House that opportunity was not permitted to pass without being properly recognized. Mr. NICHOLS was the chairman of the committee that had those services in charge. Now, he, too, has passed, and we pay tribute, not to one who served his country on the field of battle or in the military service but to one who served his country with no less devotion in civic place of high responsibility.

To those of us who served with him, members of the delegation from the State of Michigan, his sudden death was to each and every one of us a shock. It was more than that. It took from each one of us a highly valued friend; because to those of us who knew him best he was not Congressman NICHOLS, but he was CHARLIE NICHOLS. He was not alone a public servant honored highly by his city and his congressional district, but he was the man and the friend.

It is a pleasure to me to recall that, not having met him personally when he came into Congress, although I had known much of him, though political conditions threatened at first to lead to some separation of our paths, that difference was not permitted to stand in the way of the growth of a deep and real friendship between us. Very early in my acquaintance with him I found what each day of that acquaintance only emphasized, that the great thing about CHARLIE NICHOLS was his real, deep humanity, his thorough sincerity of purpose, and his courage to face and perform a duty.

It comes back to me now, the first time that I saw CHARLIE NICHOLS. It was at the famous Bay City convention in Michigan in 1912. He was in office in the city of Detroit as city clerk, and could have remained in that office indefinitely with his strong ties of friendship throughout the city. But when the contest came, through the candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt, it appealed to CHARLIE NICHOLS with such force that he gave to it all the devotion of his nature and put upon the altar of sacrifice his position in the city government of Detroit. In the course of that contest, he made a tremendous fight against odds in the city of Detroit, and carried with him to the State convention a delegation from that county, a convention where all was tumult, as the two factions gathered from all over Michigan for the most bitter political conflict in Michigan for a generation. The State militia had been called out as a police measure. I, as a spectator, was on my way into the convention, was endeavoring to get into the Armory Building where it was in session. I was on my way in with a visitor's ticket when I saw CHARLIE NICHOLS on his way out, his delegation excluded, and he physically thrown out of the convention, passed back through the packed lobby, handed along over the heads of all by burly hangers-on of the opposing faction.

That first sight of him has always emphasized to me that while his was a mild and gentle nature, nevertheless when he embraced a cause he was willing to put everything into it; that while he loved peace, he was willing to fight for his principles and ideals.

Mention has been made of the fact that CHARLIE NICHOLS was preeminent as a newspaper man. A mutual friend of his and mine who served with him in the newspaper game and is now on the bench in the city of Detroit, the Hon. Arthur E. Gordon, knowing him better in his newspaper days than I did, I asked my friend to give me something of his estimate of CHARLIE NICHOLS as a newspaper reporter and as a man. He has handed me this:

"CHARLIE NICHOLS as a reporter and a man.

"I can not differentiate, because a decent reporter is always a man.

"CHARLES A. NICHOLS was a decent reporter. I knew him in the beginning of his career in the newspaper business; was with him on the Detroit News in 1898 and 1899 and against him on the Detroit Journal from 1899 to 1903 while he was still on the News.

"He began on the police beat, that prolific source of good newspaper men, where cubs are sent to learn to observe human nature and to write about concrete things. Any man can be a fair police reporter if he is industrious and observing. He can be a good police reporter or a star police reporter if he has reasoning faculties developed to a high enough degree; if he is endowed with those subtle qualities which enable him to win the confidence of utter strangers within a few minutes; to extract from them the most sacredly preserved secrets; to pick out the handful of grain concealed within the bushel of chaff which is poured out in moments of great strain by principals in or witnesses to some great tragedy; if he is trained in logical reasoning, so that he can follow a tenuous trail marked only here and there by a definite fact which serves as a guidepost to the solution of a criminal mystery.

"This was CHARLES A. NICHOLS as a reporter. He was a star police reporter. He solved many of the great murder mysteries of Detroit of two generations ago when the police and trained detectives were utterly at sea or resolutely following the wrong trail. He was more than this as a reporter. He never betrayed a confidence. Because he would let himself be scooped on a big story rather than disclose to the public what had been told him in confidence or under a pledge that it be withheld until the happening of some event he had the confidence of the

heads of the detective and police bureaus and of the courts. He always played fair with his fellow newspaper men. Therein lies the greatest test of a man in the newspaper business or profession. No reporter can have the confidence of his fellow reporters unless he has consistently played fair with them. He must not stoop to petty deceptions. He must not lie to them.

"CHARLES A. NICHOLS had no enemy among the newspaper men of Detroit. He was loyal to his paper to the highest degree. He spared no effort, no expenditure of time or energy in pursuing the elusive story which makes the paper. While at work he knew nothing but the objective. He spared no effort to get a better story than the reporter opposing him on the other papers, yet he was always fair, so that after the bitter competition of the day the stoutest competitors were oftenest closest of friends. Thus it was with CHARLES A. NICHOLS. His rival on the opposing paper was usually seen around the town with him at night after the competition for that day had ceased and the evanescent glory of the day's scoop had passed into newspaper history.

"And this is the measure of a man in the newspaper profession, that he can be indefatigable in the interests of his paper while at work, yet be so fair to the man he is trying to beat that he can not fail to win the respect and friendship of his opponent. This was CHARLES A. NICHOLS, brilliant newspaper man, criminal investigator, and decent man, imbued with the highest qualities of American citizenship. These qualities which served him in such good stead as a newspaper reporter were broadened and enlarged by his newspaper career, and his sympathies were so sharpened by his experience that when he entered the field of politics he never lost his human interest, his ability to get the other man's viewpoint, to see both sides of the 'story,' and not form hasty conclusions. As a result he was a capable public servant, always being the highest type of man."

My friend Gordon has emphasized the real point, that when we come into public service we continue in public service to be just the kind of men that we were before we came into public service. And a man who has played the game fairly, who has been earnest and indefatigable in his work before he came to Congress, will prove earnest and indefatigable in his work here.

So CHARLES A. NICHOLS, in the short time he was in Congress, rose to the chairmanship of the Committee on the Census, and distinguished himself as well by thorough work on the Public Lands Committee, where he was rendering a real public service. But the real tribute to NICHOLS the man and NICHOLS the Congressman, after all, is not in what we may have to say here, but in the expression of respect and love for him which poured out not here alone, but poured out in his home city upon the occasion of the return of his body to that city.

I remember, and will long remember, as we stood there in the corridors of the city hall, the building where he had served the city as city clerk, where he had always been ready to perform service to and help the humblest citizen of Detroit who came to him for aid—in that city hall, as his body lay there in state, the people for hours poured through the corridors to pay their silent tribute of love and respect to the man that they knew as the friend of each and every one of them.

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, we have met here on this Sabbath Day to pay our tribute of love and respect to our late lamented colleague, Congressman CHARLES A. NICHOLS. These services are not perfunctory in their character; they are more. It is but proper that this, the greatest legislative body in the world, should set aside this day to commemorate the memory of one of its departed Members. Each one of us has his small place to fill in the great human family, and when the death angel beckons we must of necessity leave vacant chairs. To-day we mingle with our friends, we enjoy their associations, but we know not what the morrow holds in store for us. The ties formed in this body are difficult to sever, and these occasions bring us face to face with realities.

The grim reaper has exacted an unusual toll from the Sixty-sixth Congress. Fourteen times has he entered our ranks. Fourteen times have we realized that—

Death takes us unawares
And stays our hurrying feet,
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

It has been said that death is the black camel that stops at every man's door. It is seldom welcome but sure to come. It lies in every passing breeze and lurks in every flower.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

LX—253

And so when we learned of the passing of our colleague it seemed that his going was untimely, unwarranted. In the prime of life, in the bloom of manhood, in the day of his usefulness, his final summons came. Without warning, unexpected, it was a great shock to his friends. He surely died at the post of duty. I met him in the House Office Building on that Sunday afternoon; he was in apparent good health—jovial and agreeable, as usual—and in but a few hours later cold in death.

I first met Mr. NICHOLS in the closing days of the Sixty-fifth Congress—about two years ago. I came to Washington, as most new Members do, to get acquainted with the surroundings. I will ever remember the courtesy and consideration shown me by Mr. NICHOLS. From that time on he was my friend. I soon learned to love him for his true worth. He was a kind, genial, whole-souled, companionable man. To know him was to admire him. True to his friends always. One could not know Mr. NICHOLS long without knowing something of his home life. His devotion to his widowed mother was marked. The consideration of her pleasure entered into his every plan. On many occasions during the sessions of Congress I have known him to leave his seat on the floor just to call up mother and see that all was well with her. Such attention, thoughtfulness, and love of mother always inspires admiration and confidence, and so it seemed but fitting that the end should come as it did, in his mother's arms.

It was my privilege to accompany the funeral party to Detroit. I did not wonder at the large number of friends at the depot and at the funeral. There were members of organizations, military and civil; there were his friends—all knew him, all mourned his loss. As the body lay in state in the great city hall of Detroit, in which building he had so faithfully served his people, I saw many people in solemn procession pass the coffin and take a last look at all that was mortal of their friend. Some had known him as a lad, some had known him as a young newspaper reporter, some had known him as a mature newspaper writer, some had known him as secretary of the police department, some had known him as city clerk, some had known him as their Representative in Congress. All knew him to be worthy of confidence, all loved him. Three times was he elected to Congress, each time by an increased majority. He was truly a self-made man. His career should be an inspiration to every American lad. He conclusively exemplified opportunity in America. He again demonstrated that the "barefoot boy, with cheek of tan," is a presidential possibility. His success was not the result of chance, it was the result of merit.

It can be honestly said that "when he departed he took a man's life along with him." What is true greatness and true success, except the development of those qualities which we summarize and emphasize in the one word—manhood. It touches the attractive as well as the noble features in the life of man. It is a word difficult to define, yet, without definition, we recognized and appreciated it in Congressman NICHOLS. He lived out his days and his years in the State of his birth. He held the affection and the friendship of the home folks, and after all—

Friends are in life's exchange the sterling coin;
True, tender for all the rarest forms of joy;
The only pauper is the friendless man.

Judged by this standard our friend was, indeed, a wealthy man. No constituent was too humble or too lowly to receive the utmost consideration. His office was the clearing house for the wants and requests of all ex-service men. No member of this body took a keener interest in the welfare of those who served during the late war, and those who were dependent upon them. It was Mr. NICHOLS who introduced the first resolution in Congress providing that suitable arrangements be made for the reception of the remains of those who made the supreme sacrifice on the other side. His office was the headquarters for Michigan American Legion Welfare Officers while in Washington, and in his death these boys lost an earnest supporter and an energetic advocate. It is not for me, a comparatively new Member here, to call attention to the legislative ability and statesmanship of our colleague. This will be done far better by those who have had longer service with him, and who are better qualified to speak.

Suffice it for me to say that the thirteenth congressional district has lost an able Representative, the State has lost an honored citizen, and the country has lost a wise legislator. His faults we write upon the sand, his virtues upon the tablets of love and memory.

Mr. McLEOD. Mr. Speaker, although I was not fortunate enough to be numbered among his bosom friends, I do not believe there were many people in Detroit who were unfamiliar

with the name of my predecessor, the late Congressman NICHOLS, and I consider it a great honor to be allowed to pay my tribute to his memory at this ceremony.

A President could not have been accorded a more befitting burial than that bestowed upon him by the people of his loved city. His sudden tragic death from heart failure occurred in the arms of his revered mother. On the arrival of his body from Washington it was met by an array of policemen and a squad of medaled service men in their overseas uniforms. His body lay in state for two days at the city hall, where it was viewed by thousands of mourners.

His presence among his friends was always welcome on account of his care-free, lovable disposition. He always looked on the sunny side of life, even when everything went dead wrong. He was a man of sympathetic understanding and never failed to extend a helping hand to a discouraged fellow creature. Longfellow said:

Into each life some rain must fall.

Mr. NICHOLS therefore must have had his share; but such days were never intimated to or inflicted on his friends. One of his most commendable and noticeable attributes was his devoted attention to his constant companion, his mother, a frail sweet-faced gray-haired mother, such as poets love to describe.

At the age when most boys are enjoying the free existence of school life he had undertaken the arduous task of a newspaper reporter. He was famous for his ability in solving homicide cases which others had abandoned.

He was appointed secretary of the Detroit police department in 1905, where he served three years. In 1908 his merit was rewarded by his election to the public office of city clerk and his reelection in 1910. In 1914 the public further displayed their confidence in him by sending him to the United States Congress. I need not go into the details of his service here, as you, my dear colleagues, are acquainted with his unblemished record here. However, I can not but touch upon his patriotic war record. During this critical time he never once flinched. He took an important part in the legislation for the welfare of soldiers. He served his constituents well in all capacities. Even a few hours before his untimely death, which was on Sunday, when he should have been resting after the strenuous toll of the week, he was writing a report upon a measure of vital importance to every man and woman in the country, as it related to the extraordinary cost of shoes.

My great desire is that I may have the wisdom to follow in his footsteps here.

How can he be dead who lives immortal in the hearts of men?

Mr. McLAUGHLIN of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Members who so desire may extend their remarks in the RECORD on the life and character of the late CHARLES A. NICHOLS.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

There was no objection.

Mr. WHITE of Kansas. Mr. Speaker, until I came here this morning, I knew little more of the life of CHARLES A. NICHOLS before I met him upon entering on my duties in the Sixty-sixth Congress than I found in one of the very briefest biographies in the Congressional Directory. I can not speak of the record of his life and achievements with the familiarity that his colleagues are able to speak, but I am pleased and honored, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, to speak for a few minutes of my friend CHARLES A. NICHOLS.

It is not for me to explore the domain of metaphysical idealism. I indulge in no speculation, for me it is sound philosophy—true religion, and supreme consolation to hold to that maxim. I know that it shall be well with the righteous.

And whatever betides beyond the frontier of the unknown world, I believe that a conscious entity of our departed friend is consciously existent, and that with the same intense courage that characterized his work here, his undaunted soul is to-day grappling in the forum of eternity with its mysterious problems. Ironquill says, in what I regard as one of his greatest poems, *The Washerwoman's Song*, giving expression to that spirit of doubt which assails, perplexes, and at times tortures the thinking mind—

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
Yet I would not want to strip
From the washerwoman's lip
Any songs that she may sing,
Any comfort songs may bring.
For the woman has a friend
That will keep her to the end.

But again the same writer, in his poem "Criterion," which seems to be a reflective answer or an echo of that apparently agnostic sentiment expressed in the "Washerwoman's Song," says:

And yet the soul doth seem to be
In sunshine which it can not see.
Sometimes the spirit seems to roam
Above the clouds, above the foam,
Back to some half-forgotten home;
And so I think that it may be
That man and his finality
Is not an ideality, but is, indeed, reality.

CHARLES NICHOLS's faith was of a positive, unquestioning character. I know this, for he told me so. It was built upon the words of Him Who spake as never man spake, Who said, "Because I live, you shall live also." I think of few men whom I have met in a long period of private and official life who in so short a time I came to know so well and to esteem so highly as I did the gentleman from Michigan, the Hon. CHARLES NICHOLS, in respect for whose memory and services we meet here to-day. It was largely due, perhaps, because of our mutual service on the Committee on the Public Lands. In this connection I feel there is no impropriety in referring to one incident at least in the official experience of Mr. NICHOLS, which illustrates in a high degree his quality as a statesman and his rare political integrity. He was enthusiastically for the payment of a soldier's bonus to the American ex-service men of the great World War.

Although not rugged in health, he devoted much time and energy to advancing this legislation, but he opposed with equal energy the bill, H. R. 487, authorizing the appropriation of \$500,000,000 for the establishment of projects upon Government reclaimed land. Seventeen members of the committee were strongly in favor of the measure, while only four opposed it, but so strongly that, on account of the objections urged by Mr. NICHOLS, a minority view, written by him, was signed and printed; and it was due to his opposition more than to any other one thing that the measure failed. It was an exhibition of unusual, yet of admirable courage, to throw down the gage of battle to a great committee of the House and to the majority leadership on his own side, when there was every probability of being misunderstood. These are the qualities that compel admiration from everyone; but beyond all this, it was the splendid qualities of the man of which I am thinking most. His was the gentle, kindly spirit. I spent many happy hours in his office, and he in mine, and when you and I have invoked every source of consolation, have conjured the beauty and usefulness of his life in terms of love and admiration, contemplating all of the fine and noble qualities of a splendid man that show in all the acts of that wonderfully perfect life, and in none more perfectly than in the tender care and solicitude shown for the dear kind mother, to be so cruelly and unexpectedly bereaved, we must pause disconsolate because we have no voice with which to reach the ear of him whom we have loved. Hopeless of entire consolation we ask the age old question, never affirmatively answered—

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Time, at once the builder and the leveler, thou shalt, thou must write justly and truly the story of this man's life; and there shall appear no recorded act unworthy of a noble man.

Mr. SIEGEL. Mr. Speaker, it is said by the psalmist that "man is like to vanity. His days are as a shadow that passeth away."

We know these things to be self-evident, and yet during the short space of time which man has upon this earth he accomplishes very often in a short span of life more than many others succeed in doing in a much longer one. Our able, esteemed, kind-hearted, industrious worker and patriotic friend CHARLES A. NICHOLS was no exception. He passed away when yet young in years. But he is mourned by all who recognized the value of his real conscientious and earnest work for one of the largest constituencies which any Member of the House has ever represented. He looked after the affairs of thousands of young men who entered the service from the city of Detroit. His district, according to the latest figures of the 1920 census, had a couple of hundred thousand of inhabitants, to which task he devoted himself with all the energy and strength which a man of his years possessed.

I first met him when he came to Congress over five years ago. He discussed with me at that time the complex problems of a heterogeneous population such as his. He and I compared the

efforts which we were both exerting to make that population homogeneous. Later, when we both served on the Census Committee, of which he was the honored chairman at the time of his decease, we frequently discussed the same problem. He typified the highest ideal of American citizenship. His devotion to his mother and his great love and affection for her won for him the highest admiration of all who knew him. His sincerity in all his undertakings was thoroughly appreciated by all who met him. He loved this country and its institutions to the utmost. He took great pride in the great city of Detroit.

Frequent, indeed, were his references to the soldier boys on the other side, and when the first of our heroes came back to America it was upon his resolution that a committee of the House and Senate were sent to meet and receive the honored dead, whose memories we shall ever hold in the highest esteem and respect. He died the same as a soldier upon the field of battle. On that same Sunday afternoon, which was to be his last, he wrote the report, which the Census Committee later adopted as its report, upon the skin and hide bill, which became a law. That evening he hoped to return and examine it once more. When he left the House Office Building on that Sunday afternoon little did he think or know that he would never again return to it.

On the other side a couple of years ago I used the expression "That where there is life there is death." If ever the statement was true, it was in the case of our dear lamented friend, CHARLES A. NICHOLS. If the gathering of wealth was to be deemed the foundation of success, then CHARLES A. NICHOLS was a failure; but to me, Mr. Speaker, he made the greatest progress which a human being could make, because he believed in service. Service and sacrifice were his motto. There is no greater love than that of mother for her child. There is no greater obedience to the mandate of the Ten Commandments than to honor and obey thy parents. CHARLES A. NICHOLS carried and followed that commandment in the fullest sense of the term. He typified the man described by Henry Victor Morgan in his famous poem, "Success":

I hold that man alone succeeds
Whose life is crowned by noble deeds,
Who cares not for the world's applause,
But scorns vain custom's outgrown laws;
Who feels not dwarfed by nature's show,
But deep within himself doth know
That conscious man is greater far
Than ocean, land, or distant star;
Who does not count his wealth by gold,
His worth by office he may hold,
But he feels himself, as man alone,
As good as king upon a throne;
Who, battling 'gainst each seeming wrong,
Can meet disaster with a song,
Feel sure of victory in defeat,
And rise refreshed the foe to meet;
Who only lives the world to bless,
Can never fail—he is success.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Oklahoma [Mr. CARTER] will please take the chair.

Mr. CARTER took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Mr. FORDNEY. Mr. Speaker, the House of Representatives is full of men who started life with little. The American boy, no matter how poor, has hovering over his cradle the angels of Political Liberty and Unlimited Opportunity. Give him health and he can rise as high as he will. We meet to-day to honor the memory of a boy who was born poor, who rose high, who was good to his mother, and who was one of the countless examples of what this country does for those who render faithful service.

CHARLES A. NICHOLS was a product of the finest region in all the world—a child of the Old Northwest. New England is proud of her Puritans, and Virginia of her Cavaliers. The thirteen Colonies brought forth this Government; but the fairest child of the Revolution was the territory northwest of the Ohio River, where labor has always been free and where opportunity has showered her choicest blessings on her sons. That great territory got her political bearings even before the rest of the United States, because her immortal ordinance of '87 was adopted before the Constitution, and no other Government charter had ever equalled it. One sentence in it contains more of the spirit of human progress than all the mandates of kings. I wish it could be written on the sky: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged."

Under this influence the Old Northwest Territory has produced more Presidents and statesmen than any other part of the United States. And into this atmosphere and these traditions CHARLES A. NICHOLS was born at the little town of Boyne, Charlevoix County, Mich., amid the music of the

sawmills and the perfume of the pines. He got his education in the unsurpassed public schools which the State of Michigan provides for all her children. He learned to write forcible English; and that accomplishment, with a natural nose for news, gave him employment as a newspaper reporter in Detroit, so he became intimately acquainted with the affairs of that phenomenal city. He probably never enjoyed himself more than while he was a police reporter in the most rapidly growing city in America. He saw a greasy young mechanic riding about the streets in a queer horseless wagon with iron-bound tires and a trail of smoke; and from those experiments he beheld the rocketlike growth of the greatest automobile manufacturing center in the world. He loved the city and its stately river, with its endless movie show of ships, a more numerous fleet than can be seen in any harbor on any ocean.

In his work as a police reporter he was fortunate in his field. On one side of the river was his home city and country, on the other side was the Canadian frontier, and across that border many a fleeing lawbreaker carried the plots of international detective stories more interesting than any fiction. Young NICHOLS had a great capacity for observation, and the ability to tell a true story well. So he won wide acquaintance and an enduring good name. There are unhappy countries where criminals are in less danger than honest men, where poverty is permanent, where speech is enslaved, and newspapers are either subservient or suppressed. CHARLES A. NICHOLS, as a police reporter, helped to make crime a dangerous business for the criminals. When he had written and lived more detective stories than any novelist ever wrote, there came to Mr. NICHOLS the opportunity to become a public servant, first as secretary to the police board; afterwards he was elected city clerk of Detroit, and then he was three times chosen to represent a great industrial district in the House of Representatives. He learned to know his people and their needs, and he served them well.

Mr. NICHOLS as a Member of this House was the same efficient, straightforward, independent man that he had been in his public service at home. He seldom spoke on the floor, but the less he spoke the more he heard, and there have been men here who talked loud and often who have never attained the influence or the affection in which Mr. NICHOLS was held.

At the time he died he was chairman of the Committee on the Census. It is the work of this committee to provide for the taking, every 10 years, of the record of our national growth. Figures can not picture it, but they give some idea. In 1800 the census found in the Northwest Territory 51,000 people. In 1850 the number had grown to 4,500,000, and in 1920 to 21,000,000, or about one-fifth of the population of the United States. These millions live in a country where the hired laborer of to-day is working for himself to-morrow and hiring others the day after; where the good man can not be kept down and where every boy has a chance; which was never better shown than in the life of our beloved friend and fellow Member, CHARLES NICHOLS.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE MORGAN, OF OKLAHOMA.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. CARTER, by unanimous consent,
Ordered, That Sunday, February 27, 1921, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public service of Hon. DICK T. MORGAN, late a Representative from the State of Oklahoma.

Mr. SWINDALL. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Oklahoma offers a resolution, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 701.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. DICK T. MORGAN, late a Representative from the State of Oklahoma.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House at the conclusion of these exercises shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. HOWARD. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members who desire to do so may extend their remarks in the RECORD.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Oklahoma asks unanimous consent that all Members be permitted to extend their remarks in the RECORD. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. HOWARD. Mr. Speaker, we are here to-day to pay tribute to the memory of our departed colleague, DICK T. MORGAN, whom I have known intimately and well for over 30 years. My first acquaintance with Mr. MORGAN was in the pioneer days of Oklahoma in 1889. Those were days that tested the mettle of men, and he was one of Oklahoma's pioneers who even in those days met the test. He was to me in those days a boyhood benefactor. When I first met him he was engaged in the publication of Morgan's Land Laws, a publication that was of great benefit to the early settlers of Oklahoma and one which is now often referred to by the courts of Oklahoma in decisions relating to real estate titles, especially on the west side of the State. It was in the capacity of a boy printer working on that publication that I first came to know him intimately, and I have never forgotten the kindly interest that this good man took in me as a boy at that time and have on numerous occasions had reason to remember the good advice given me by him in the days in which I was passing from boyhood to manhood. Ever after we were intimate friends, and I mourn his loss to-day.

Mr. MORGAN was a strong and courageous man, never hesitating to do what he believed was right. He had many warm friends who at all times stood by him loyally. He has done a great deal for his district in Oklahoma and for the entire State, and for this he will long be remembered even by those who knew him slightly. The greatest service that can be rendered is to give to those who are in need of help and who are unable to help themselves and are unable to return to you the services which you might render them or the benefits which you might bestow upon them; in other words, unselfish service and favors from a pure motive with no hope of return or personal reward. In his service to his district and State Mr. MORGAN was unselfish and untiring in his efforts to help those who needed help. He was the soul of courtesy, true as steel, firm as a rock. No man ever did him a kindness he did not repay. His death is a loss to his State and to the Republic. He was patriotic in the fullest sense of the term. He cherished America, the same as an infant loves its mother. He exemplified true home life in every way. He was devoted to his wife and children, and in their company he found rest and pleasure. DICK T. MORGAN has passed to the great beyond, but he leaves many behind who will long mourn his loss and always keep his name in pleasant memory. So on this Sabbath morning I say peace to his ashes and rest and happiness to his soul.

Mr. HASTINGS. Mr. Speaker, the death of DICK THOMPSON MORGAN came as a shock to each Member of the Oklahoma delegation and to his thousands of friends in our home State.

When I last saw him, he was in his usual good health. He was about to leave for home to enjoy a well-earned vacation. I deeply regret that when death came I was out of the State on the Pacific coast and not privileged to attend the funeral.

Before coming to Congress six years ago I had a slight acquaintance with him. He was known by reputation to practically every one of the citizens of our home State. While serving in the House with him I learned to know him intimately and to appreciate his many admirable qualities. He was one of the hardest working men in Congress. No man kept in closer touch with the people of his district than he did, and no man more nearly represented their views upon the floor of the House than DICK T. MORGAN. He represented one of the great agricultural districts of the Southwest, and his intense loyalty to the farmer was well known to every Member of the House. He took a deep interest in all legislation affecting the farmers of the country, and they had no more loyal or intelligent supporter.

He was greatly interested in rural credits and wrote a splendid book upon the subject. I preserved the volume that he was kind enough to give me and appreciate the vast amount of data that he collected. When the farm loan act was up for consideration, he took an active interest in the bill and was of material assistance in securing legislation upon the subject.

He was the ranking majority member of the Judiciary Committee and took much interest in the work of the committee.

While DICK THOMPSON MORGAN was a Republican, he was liberal in his views, loyal to his friends, and trusted by each Member of the Oklahoma delegation. We were always glad to invite him into our councils and glad to have his advice. He leaves to his wife and son a splendid reputation and the heritage of a good name. He was a faithful and affectionate husband, a loyal and consistent friend, and a patriotic and beloved public servant. The district, State, and Nation that he so loyally and patriotically served will miss him. I want to take occasion to say this word in behalf of his memory and to express my appreciation for his confidence and friendship.

Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, it was not my pleasure to have known the late Congressman DICK T. MORGAN for a long time, but you did not have to know him long in order to realize that he was one who had a warm feeling and abundance of good fellowship for his fellowman.

He was ever sociable, genial, jovial, and with a smile of good cheer that radiated friendship and which quickly removed that reserve usually present with strangers. With him you quickly felt a close and friendly acquaintance. In his daily life he truly exemplified the thought of him who said:

Let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend of man.

To the new Members was he especially considerate and thoughtful. Notwithstanding his many duties, his active participation in committee work and the daily sessions of the House, Mr. MORGAN always found time to encourage and advise a new Member in the procedure of legislation. His was a kindly disposition. He not only sought success on his own behalf, but was always on the alert to be of help and service to a fellow Member whose experience and knowledge of legislation was not as broad as his own.

I had the pleasure to serve with him upon the Judiciary Committee of this House, and there had the opportunity to observe his work. You did not associate with him long until you realized that he was not only industrious and painstaking, but that he also showed a conscientious devotion to his public duties and service. In his work you readily realized that he was guided not by that which was politic or expedient, but that he always tried to determine what was the right, just, and equitable side of any matter under discussion, and having determined that question Mr. MORGAN always supported that side fearlessly and with determination until the matter was finally settled.

Just after the close of the last session and before our departure for home I had a very pleasant visit with Mr. MORGAN. He was then talking enthusiastically about a trip that he contemplated taking, with his good wife, during the vacation. He was looking forward to a pleasant journey with all the hope and pleasure that one could anticipate from a vacation and a well-earned rest. But death is ever present, and the wisest knoweth not how soon, for even then the angel of death was near. In a few days he laid his cold hand upon the brow of our colleague, Mr. MORGAN, and he was asleep, and we realize to-day that his voice has been stilled forever. As we recall that he is with us no more we are again reminded how uncertain is our tenure of life, and there comes to mind the lines of the poet, who said:

What is life? 'Tis a beautiful shell
Thrown up by eternity's flow
On Time's bank of quicksand to dwell,
And a moment it's loveliness to show.
Gone back to its elements grand
Is the billow that washed it ashore;
See, another now washes the strand
And the beautiful shell is no more.

Mr. SMITH of Michigan. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, when I first came to Congress, 10 years ago, I lived at the same hotel with Mr. MORGAN, and when I last met him, last summer, we were living at the same hotel. I knew him very well. He was a man of fine social qualities and upright character, and one who made warm friends. He represented that fine, young, aggressive State that is making such progress in the galaxy of the States of our Union, and he represented it with ability, energy, and intelligence. He was always loyal to its interests. He never missed an occasion when he could promote its welfare. He was active on the floor and was especially interested in the progress of agriculture. He was an authority upon the farm loan law, concerning which he wrote a volume, and he was an enthusiastic champion of that law.

Mr. MORGAN was a man of high qualities, noble purposes, sincere, and upright. He was an indefatigable worker. Our offices were on the same floor of the House Office Building. While some of us visited our offices on the Sabbath, his office was always locked on that day; but on every other day he was continually at work. No legislation escaped his attention. He ably represented the farmers and never seemed to tire of discussing matters relating to farm work. He was not averse to being told that his devotion to the progress of agriculture was producing good results, for the interests of the farmer were his interests.

We know not of the future, but we do know that our time comes. Mr. MORGAN frequently spoke of the future life, and I am sure all is well with him. I have in mind the lines of Michigan's philosopher-poet, Edgar Guest, which seem to me to express the sentiment that he so often voiced:

There is no death. I'm sure of that.
 The thing that seems to be
 Is but the touch of winter
 That lays bare the spreading tree.
 And as the roses bloom again
 When all the snow has gone,
 So do the souls of men arise
 With brighter raiment on.
 O weary heart, be strong, be brave,
 Nor wince beneath the sting.
 Beyond the gates of death there lies
 The sweet, eternal spring.

This was the belief of our friend and worthy colleague, now deceased, whose voice is stilled for all time to come. We can only say, "Farewell, beloved colleague."

Mr. FERRIS. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the Congress, the House of Representatives is convened to-day in extraordinary session to pay honor and a last mark of respect to our late colleague, DICK T. MORGAN, of Oklahoma. His life and character eminently entitle him to be thus honored.

How often we have sat at the bier of a departed friend and heard virtues extolled that the deceased did not possess—how different with MORGAN. No one would or could challenge one step in his spotless life. No one could or would detract from his brilliant record of devotion to duty and usefulness in life. In citizenship, religion, law, politics, and statesmanship he was a man every day.

How often we have observed lives marked with success that do not square with our sense of morals, justice, or right living—how different with MORGAN. His high ideals, his exalted sense of justice between man and man; his fine moral fiber; his rare judgment of things and men; his devotion to duty, are all milestones pointing the way to the successful life he led.

Differ with him in politics, yes; but they were honest differences. No man of stature loses respect for his fellow men who have honest differences with him; only those of small stature and inferior mentality would ever exact a less high circumference.

Death always comes too soon. Few of us, yea, are any of us in health or in full possession of our faculties ever quite ready to embrace it; it is that thought that we must leave behind the known and the explored for the unknown and unexplored. This thought that death always comes too soon is even made more marked and conspicuous when a life full of usefulness and devotion to duty is cut down in the midday of hope, achievement, and success.

Who is there among us that has not pondered over the perplexity of a human life? Who is there here or elsewhere who has not sought to fathom the problem of why it is that to-day we are full of hope, joy, life, and activity, while to-morrow we are but the poorest clay? Looking backward through 6,000 years of recorded history, the problem of the human life is as perplexing to-day as it was in the beginning.

The gifted Ingersoll proceeds to say:

I do not say there is no life beyond the grave; I simply say I do not know.

The Book of Books, that has stood the test of time and reason for more than nineteen hundred years, tells us that there is life and hope and joy beyond the grave. It affords all men the blessed assurance that the grave is not the end.

I pause and ask who of us here to-day or elsewhere is willing to trade the words of hope and life laid down in the Book of Books for that bleak, dismal, and erring doctrine, "I do not know"?

Everything about us breathes the blessed assurance of a life other than this one; a life beyond the grave. The flowers, the plants, the foliage is cut down by the frost of winter simply to return to us in springtime more glorious, beautiful, and gorgeous than before.

If matter, mute and inanimate, can be molded into a multitude of forms, can never die, can we not be again reassured and made certain of the fact that there is a future for the soul of the man made in the image of his Creator?

No; I feel as certain as that I live that the soul of the late DICK T. MORGAN is safe and secure in the arms of his Maker, in that land where the din and smoke of battle never goes; in that land that is fairer than day; in that beautiful isle of somewhere where there is no death, no sorrow, remorse, waiting, and disappointment, but where all is peace, hope, joy, and rest.

His mantle of love, charity, and regard for the humble toiler and producer of the country has fallen on no one man or small group of men, but it is the golden heritage of State and Nation. So sympathetic with the weak, still so able to discern injustice and grapple with the strong. He is the sweetest memory that has yet graced the pages of Oklahoma's fleeting vestibule of time.

The somber poverty of his youth, the rapid rise to fame in both State and Nation, must of necessity shatter the skepticism of the skeptic, inspire new faith in the faithless. His was a life well worthy of emulation. He was an honorable man every day. His place in history is secure. He belongs to the ages. Peace to his ashes.

Mr. HARRELD. Mr. Speaker, in 1907 the great State of Oklahoma was born. It was the offspring of the wedlock between what was known as Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory. Into that State came the heterogeneous population of both of those Territories. Immediately there came up the necessity of that great State choosing its officials to represent it in the Congress of the United States as well as in the halls of the legislature and in the executive offices of the State. The best people of that State, because of this heterogeneous population that had accumulated from various parts of the Nation were rather uneasy in their selection of these public officials. Among its population were men of ability and distinction that had migrated there from other States. There was also among its population adventurers and men who had made failures and even been convicted of crime in other States who had migrated to that State to take another trial at life and its problems. These last were aggressive aspirants for political preferment, and so the people of that great State were put to it in choosing their officials. They were obliged in many cases to choose between men whose reputations were not established, with whom they were not acquainted, and in some instances, perhaps, mistakes were made in the selection of officers. I am glad to say that that day is gone, and the people know each other and have come in touch with each other and understand each other.

There was one man about whose integrity there was never any doubt. That man offered himself as a candidate for Congress. That man was DICK T. MORGAN, not unknown to the people of the State, because he had served the public in that State for years in various capacities. He was a man in whom the people had confidence, and he soon came to the front as one of the citizens of that State upon whom dependence and reliance could be had. The people delighted to honor him and did honor him, and, though he was no longer young at the time of his death, he was commonly known in that country as "Dick." People did not think of him as other than a young man at all. Some people did call him "Uncle Dick," but he was one man in whom the people of that State had absolute and entire confidence, and it was more a term of affection than otherwise.

There were a few traits of character that Dick possessed that I want to talk about. One has been touched upon by the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. SMITH], and that was his piety and his devotion to the cause of Christianity. He was the strictest observer of the Sabbath that I have ever known. I think that fact was mentioned by the gentleman from Michigan. I remember an incident that illustrated this phase of his character. During the last session of this Congress one of the high officials of this House gave a reception on Sunday afternoon. That was because there was no other time, perhaps, for a reception on account of the press of business in the House. On the morning of that reception I said to Uncle Dick, "I am going to the reception, and if you and your wife would like a seat in our car I would be glad to have you go." He said, "I thank you very much, but Mrs. Morgan and I have decided not to go." I said, "That is rather strange; this is the only reception this officer has given this year. I should think you ought to make a special effort to go." Then he said, in a modest way, "Mrs. Morgan and I do not attend public receptions on Sunday."

It illustrated the character of the man. When he believed in a thing he was firm in that belief and had the courage to make known his conviction when pressed for a reason.

He was apparently a modest man, but he had the inherent firmness to stand by his convictions. He was very much interested in the World War veterans' welfare. He gave a great deal of time and consideration to a plan by which he expected to provide a method by which the veterans could procure homes on the farms. As the gentleman from Michigan said, he was an authority on the question of rural credits and farm-loan banks and the laws relating thereto. He had sought to work out along the same line a system by which the World War veterans could purchase homes on long-time credits. He had spent a great deal of time and energy in perfecting that system. When the time came to consider the soldiers' bonus bill he was an earnest advocate of that bill and sought to have incorporated in the adjusted compensation bill his system of credits to ex-service men purchasing homes. It was through his efforts it was adopted as one of the five optional plans in a modified form, and to-day it is one of the most popular of all the proposed

optional plans embraced in the bonus bill which passed the House last session.

During the last year it was my pleasure to come in direct contact with the constituents of his district. It is remarkable how he had ingratiated himself into the affections of his constituency. I have never seen a people who were so fond of their Representative as the people of his district were of him. There, after all, is the test of a man's success. What do the people whom he served think of him. Measured by that standard DICK MORGAN was a success as a Congressman because people knew and appreciated his work. When he died he was brought to Oklahoma City, my home city, and there the funeral was held, and there he was interred. While his home for many years had been at Woodward, Okla., he had formerly lived in Oklahoma City, and Oklahoma City had formerly been in his district which he represented in Congress, although not in his district at the time of his death. His son lives there and is an honored practitioner at the bar. I presume at the request of his son he was buried there. It was my good fortune to be present and to witness the homage that was paid him then and there.

Men came from every county in his district to attend the funeral, men came from all over the State of Oklahoma to attend the funeral, and the long line of those who came there to testify to their reverence for him was another evidence of the esteem in which DICK T. MORGAN was held. The people of Oklahoma appreciate the loss they have sustained. They also appreciate the nice things that are said of him to-day by his colleagues in this House, and they feel that the standards of official life are greatly enhanced and greatly improved by having had as their distinguished citizen and public servant DICK T. MORGAN.

Mr. YATES. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, a certain poet has said of a man more celebrated than any of us—

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well.

And further along in the same poem are these words—

He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Of course I did not come here this afternoon in order that you might hear me talk, and you did not come here to hear me. I simply came to pay respect to one who is entitled to our respect. A man very near to me said that he had served four years as governor of his State, eight years in the legislature, six years in the Senate, and four years in this House, and that the ideal public service for an American was the American House of Commons, the House of Representatives. I believe that. This is a great place, this House of Representatives. If these walls could speak to-day, they could tell a tale of eloquence unsurpassed in all the world, and I often feel as if there are looking down upon us memories, characters, and personalities not to be surpassed in all history. It is a significant thing that the House pauses to do honor to those who have striven, and striven hard, to be worthy of this place.

The House of Representatives is in session, the distinguished Speaker has delegated and appointed a distinguished citizen of the State of Oklahoma to preside over this session; the officers of the House are in their place, the mace—the symbol of authority of the House—is in its place; and I feel that it is a remarkable thing that in a most busy time, in the most busy period of the session, men should come here from the committee to which this man belonged and from the State in which he lived and from both the great parties of the House, to pay their little, simple, informal, and sincere tribute. The clash and clatter and clamor which only last night lasted almost to midnight are stilled when we contemplate the place in which one stood who tried to do his duty, and after all that is the greatest thing that any of us can do or hope to do.

I did not know Mr. MORGAN at all, you might say, until I became acquainted with him all at once, and in a long conversation about many things I got from him a conception of his character exemplified by these words in the verse which I have already quoted—

The friendly welcome of the wayside well.

He was friendly, and he gave a friendly welcome. He was friendly to me and told me the thing that I wanted to know when I felt lonesome and homesick and out of place and thought I never would fit, and I am grateful to him for that. Upon

inquiry I find that he was friendly to others, and if you or I were in his place and this meeting were called here to do honor to you or to me he would want to pay his little tribute as we are trying to do to-day. I am very glad, without any formality, as a member of the great Committee on the Judiciary, of which he was the highest member except the chairman, to testify in a modest way to the fact that he always did his duty, and in a personal way I want to give my thanks to him for his friendliness to me.

Mr. McKEOWN. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, it was at the close of a long, hot day in August, 1901, nearly 20 years ago, that I first saw DICK MORGAN. It was in southwestern Oklahoma, just before the opening of that wonderful country. I, in company with others, had driven in a covered wagon into that country seeking an opportunity to file on a homestead at the opening. One of the things which I deemed essential to success was a copy of MORGAN's land laws. At that time Mr. MORGAN was a striking figure; he had a long, black, flowing beard, which attracted one's attention to his attractive personality. The one thing that distinguished him from his fellow citizens of that day was his wonderful Christian character. His display of culture was quite noticeable in that western country at the day. DICK T. MORGAN was a highly educated man.

He is a living example of what education will do for a man. Back in Indiana he was graduated in 1876 from the Union Christian College with the degree of bachelor of science. Later he taught in that school as a professor of mathematics. Afterwards he attended the Central Law School, at Indianapolis, where he graduated with the degree of bachelor of laws in 1880, and afterwards, as an appreciation of his ability, there was conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws by Bethany College, of Bethany, W. Va. He was a man of good ability, peculiar in many respects, but one who displayed a strong friendship for his fellow man. I never saw him again, although I read frequently of him, until I met him in the halls of Congress. Being of a different political faith than myself, I wondered how he would treat a new Democratic Member from Oklahoma. I was agreeably surprised at the welcome I received at his hands, so much so that I could not realize for a few minutes that he was of a different political faith.

I want to add my testimony to that of my colleague from Oklahoma, Mr. HASTINGS, in emphasizing the fact that in DICK T. MORGAN there was a colleague, though differing in political faith, in whom you could put absolute confidence. The Democratic members of the delegation from Oklahoma welcomed him in conference upon the many difficult questions that came before them for solution during the terrible days of the war. We had no hesitation in unburdening ourselves in his presence and to him, because we had implicit confidence in his honor and his integrity, and likewise he had a similar confidence in the Democratic membership from Oklahoma. The one striking feature of DICK T. MORGAN was his high personal character. It marked him as a man of distinction, and it was a pleasure to know him, because of his wonderful Christian character.

His legislative career here in the Congress from the time he entered this House in the Sixty-first Congress is to be found in the record of the Congress, down to and including the second session of the Sixty-sixth Congress. The record is replete with many things accomplished in behalf of the people of Oklahoma and of the Nation as a whole.

He had a wonderful hold upon his people, which was due partly to the fact that he was one of the ablest organizers I have ever seen in politics. He knew the people in every school district. He could communicate with the people of his district and send information to every part of it within a few hours, because he had a live organization in every school district. He had the confidence of his fellow men, of his constituents, and of his colleagues in Congress. He paid special attention to those things that affected rural communities and those engaged in the tilling of the soil. It is a sad thing to have taken from us a man so useful when the Nation needs such men so badly. But I have an abiding faith that he is happy in the living presence of the Savior of men, who will say to DICK MORGAN, "Thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mr. MORGAN was a kind, indulgent husband, a loving father, and an affectionate grandfather. The last conversation I had with him was about his grandchildren. He had just purchased some little things that he wished to send to them as an evidence of how much he thought of them, just before he started on his journey to the Canadian Provinces. His sudden death came as a great shock to those who had learned to love him. But his time had come, and—

He folded his tent like the Arabs,
And silently stole away.

Mr. TINCHER. Mr. Speaker, I am reminded to-day of the closing hours of the special session of this Congress. Hon. DICK T. MORGAN had the floor practically up to the hour set for the falling of the gavel which closed that Congress. He was making an appeal to his colleagues on a subject dear to his heart, and that was the subject of rural credits. No better testimony of the statesmanship and farsightedness of Mr. MORGAN can there be than the speech which he then made, as we think of the existing condition pertaining to the subject concerning which he spoke, that of agriculture.

A few days before his death the news was flashed over the wires, which subsequently proved to be untrue, of the defeat of the distinguished chairman of the Judiciary Committee. To those of us who were familiar with the parliamentary situation in the American Congress and interested in the great Southwest it immediately became apparent how important was the place that Mr. MORGAN had in this House. I wrote him a letter, which I am sure he never received, congratulating him upon the fact that he would be the next chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

DICK MORGAN's district will always remember him as a mild mannered, kindly gentleman. I doubt if it would be possible for the constituency that he so ably represented ever to fully understand that by reason of seniority and his ability as a fighter he was in the best position to represent the great Southwest of any man in the American Congress. His death causes a vacancy in the representation of that section of the country on this important committee which it takes a man to fill. He had gained that position by reason of long and faithful service.

Mr. MORGAN advocated some bills which some did not entirely agree with. His activity in behalf of the plan for rural credits to the soldiers was known to every Member of Congress and was, perhaps, the best-advertised piece of legislation in behalf of ex-service men that any Congressman has championed; and the most severe criticism I ever heard of that bill was expressed by a colleague who said to him, "Dick, that bill is based for success upon the absolute honesty of every man who has a transaction with the Government under that law." Mr. MORGAN said, "Yes, I always assume that toward my fellow man."

I have known Mr. MORGAN a long time. He lived in our district and practiced law at Garden City. Our districts adjoined for 200 miles. I am proud of the fact that he was my friend; he got pleasure out of assisting a new Member of Congress. The great Southwest lost in his death an able, industrious statesman, who was thoroughly acquainted with our needs and in sympathy with his people. On behalf of the neighbor State of Kansas I can only say we were proud of him as a neighbor and a statesman.

Mr. McCLINTIC. Mr. Speaker, on two occasions the flag of our Nation has been draped at half mast because of the death of two distinguished Oklahoma citizens who were serving as Members of the House of Representatives. The first Member of this body from the State of Oklahoma to be called by the Divine Creator was the late Joe B. Thompson, of Pauls Valley, Okla., and to-day we are here to pay the last sad tribute to the memory of our distinguished colleague and friend, the late Representative DICK T. MORGAN, of Woodward, Okla. No Member of Congress, regardless of his political affiliations, ever rendered more patriotic service to his State and to his people than the one whom we honor to-day.

For a number of years Mr. MORGAN was the only Republican member of the Oklahoma congressional delegation, and while serving in this capacity it can be said that he always cooperated with the Democratic members by doing all in his power to promote the welfare of the Nation and the State of Oklahoma. During the war with Germany it was a most noticeable fact that he stood by the President in the advocacy of every measure which was presented in the interest of the Nation, and his public utterances on legislation for the interest of all the people show that he was conscientious in the performance of all his duties.

Congressman MORGAN came to Oklahoma soon after the Territory was opened for settlement and was appointed registrar of the United States land office at Woodward, Okla. He always took an active interest in every matter pertaining to the welfare of his party, and his counsel and advice was always sought by his party leaders. He was probably more interested in matters relating to agriculture than in any other subject. During the consideration of the different measures which were in the interest of the farmers he always championed their cause, and in addition to introducing a number of bills for the purpose of legislating additional benefits to the agricultural class, he was the author of a most excellent publication, entitled "Land Credits—a Plea for the American Farmer."

Congressman MORGAN was a native of the State of Indiana. He served one term as a member of the Indiana Legislature. He became a Member of the Sixty-first Congress and was elected to each succeeding Congress until his death. His service in the House of Representatives was such as to cause him to be held in high esteem by all of the Members, and by his death the State of Oklahoma has lost one of its most faithful public servants and a Member who was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

Congressman MORGAN was a member of the Christian Church and was one of the trustees of the Phillip Christian University, which is located at Enid, Okla. His entire life was filled with devotion to his home, his State, and his Nation. He has left behind him an example which will always stand out as a milestone of faithfulness, and his record is commendable from every standpoint.

He was a true Christian in every sense of the word. His death will be mourned by his thousands of friends and colleagues, and in departing this life he has truly left his footprints on the sands of time.

Mr. VOLSTEAD. Mr. Speaker, for several years I knew DICK MORGAN quite well. We lived in the same hotel here at Washington and served on the same committees in the House of Representatives. When I last saw him there was nothing to suggest that I was bidding him farewell for the last time. He looked hale and hearty; his appearance indicated that he had years of useful work ahead of him.

Members of Congress are, as a rule, pretty good judges of the character of their associates. The membership of the House, with very few, if any, exceptions, entertained for Mr. MORGAN the kindest feelings and a genuine regard for his splendid personal qualities. Everyone had the utmost confidence in his entire honesty and in his untiring devotion to his duties, both private and public. His faithfulness reminds me of some passages from Lord Lytton's *Lucile*. I quote:

It is not the deed
A man does, but the way that he does it, should plead
For the man's compensation in doing it.

Here,
My next neighbor's a man with twelve thousand a year,
Who deems that life has not a pastime more pleasant
Than to follow a fox or to slaughter a pheasant.
Yet this fellow goes through a contested election,
Lives in London, and sits, like the soul of dejection,
All the day through upon a committee, and late
To the last, every night, through the dreary debate.
One asks himself why, without murmur or question,
He foregoes all his tastes, and destroys his digestion,
For a labor of which the result seems so small.
"The man is ambitious," you say. Not at all.

Then, I ask,
What inspires and consoles such a self-imposed task
As the life of this man, but the sense of its duty?
And I swear that the eyes of the haughtiest beauty
Have never inspired in my soul that intense,
Reverential, and loving, and absolute sense
Of heartfelt admiration I feel for this man.
As I see him beside me, there, wearing the wan
London daylight away, on his humdrum committee;
So unconscious of all that awakens my pity,
And wonder—and worship, I might say.

To me
There seems something nobler than genius to be
In that dull, patient labor no genius relieves,
That absence of all joy which yet never grieves;
The humility of it! the grandeur withal!
The sublimity of it!
His work is the duty to which he was born;
He accepts it, without ostentation or scorn;
And this man is no uncommon type (I thank Heaven!)
Of this land's common men.

Mr. MORGAN was not only honest and industrious, he was a man of ideas and convictions and he always had the courage to defend his views and to stand to his guns to the last.

Representing a farming community, he made a special study of their needs and could always be found on the firing line when any legislation in the interest of the farmers was under consideration. He gave much attention to personal farm credit, and wrote a book and introduced bills dealing with that subject. As a pioneer in that line he deserves much credit. No doubt some day legislation to secure what he sought will be written on our statute books and the name of DICK MORGAN will then be remembered as one of its chief promoters. I shall not attempt to enumerate the measures in which during his busy years here he was interested. Suffice it to say that during all of the time that I have known him he strove honestly, faithfully, and efficiently to perform his full duty. He performed those duties well and won and deserved the esteem and love of his associates and those he represented. We are glad to honor his memory. His career is one to be emulated.

Mr. GOODYKOONTZ. Mr. Speaker, when death came to Mr. MORGAN he was holding the position of ranking member of the Committee on the Judiciary—the lawyers' committee—of the House, consisting of 21 members, a miniature legislative body within itself. Upon entering Congress I was assigned to that committee, and in that way was placed in right close contact with Mr. MORGAN.

My associations with Mr. MORGAN on the great committee I have mentioned, as also in this Chamber, were very pleasant.

Mr. MORGAN zealously guarded the interests of farmers and of soldiers and lost no opportunity of defending the just rights of these worthy members of society. Mr. MORGAN was a live wire. Active rather than static—a potential force in formulating policies and shaping legislation.

Mr. MORGAN was a gentleman of culture and great erudition and walked uprightly before God and man. What may be said of him here to-day are not the words of flattery, for such can not "soothe the dull cold ear of death"; but they are the testimony of associates and friends, to be recorded as a memorial to a worthy fellow Member, in order that history may teach to all the lesson of his excellent life.

It is to be regretted that Mr. MORGAN could not have lived longer to serve his great State, for he was yet in his prime, but concerning this we will have to accept the philosophy of Cicero. In *Friendship and Old Age*, Cicero tells us that we should not mourn for the dead; that to his mind—

nothing whatever seems of long duration in which there is any end. For when that time arrives, then the time which has passed has flowed away; that only remains which you have secured by virtue and right conduct. Hours, indeed, depart from us, and days and months and years; nor does past time ever return. * * * Whatever time is assigned to each to live, with that he ought to be content.

Cicero believed that the souls of men were immortal, and therefore it mattered not how long a man should dwell upon the earth.

Judge MORGAN was of a deeply religious nature, and when the time came for him to begin his journey and as he entered the valley leading to the undiscovered land, united with Bryant in saying:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Mr. SWINDALL. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, I consider it an honor to pay my tribute to the high character, integrity, and public service of the late Dick T. MORGAN, as well as his service to humanity in the rôle of a private citizen.

He served the people of his native State of Indiana as a member of the lower house of the legislature in the session of 1880-81. He was appointed registrar of the United States land office at Woodward, Okla., by President Roosevelt, in 1904. It was at the last date I became personally acquainted with him. At the time of his appointment there was a large amount of business being transacted at the United States land office at Woodward, Okla. Testimony had been taken in a number of contest cases in which the former registrar and receiver had not had time to render opinions. Mr. MORGAN immediately got busy and decided these cases. His service was so efficient in this work that when the Alva and Woodward land offices were consolidated in 1908, and by reason thereof Mr. MORGAN lost his position as registrar of the Woodward land office, the members of his party decided he should be a candidate for Congress from the second district of the State of Oklahoma. He consented to enter the primary and was nominated and elected and has served the people of the State as Representative in Congress from the second and eighth congressional districts since that time to the date of his death. He would have been the nominee of his party in 1920 and would have been elected by the largest majority he ever received had it not been for his untimely death. Had he lived to fill his term he would have honestly and faithfully served his district, State, and Nation for a period of 12 years.

During his residence in Woodward he and I lived within two blocks of each other and were warm personal and political friends. In 1912 it was the view of the Democrats and Republicans that the member of the Republican State committee must be nominated at the primary election. I was induced by Mr. MORGAN and a number of his friends to become a candidate for State committeeman and was selected at the primary election. Since that time I have taken an active part in each of his congressional campaigns and became well acquainted with his work as a Member of Congress and his private life as a citizen of our State. Politically he was a Republican, but after his election he was truly a representative of the people of his

district, State, and Nation. He did not carry politics into his high office as a Member of Congress, but at all times honestly, faithfully, and fearlessly endeavored to represent the citizens of the Nation to the best of his knowledge, skill, and understanding. I feel that this is the highest compliment that may be paid to my good friend and late fellow-townsmen. I appreciate very much the kind remarks of his many friends expressed upon the floor of this House to-day, and I may say that the kind eulogies in memory of his efficient service will be appreciated by every citizen of his district, as well as the citizens of the State and the Nation who informed themselves upon his public career.

In politics, as in private life, he believed in dealing fairly and justly with every citizen. He would respond as promptly to the call of the most humble citizen of his State as he would to the most powerful and influential member of his own party. During the World War he advocated such measures as were proposed by the President to make the American Army the most efficient army engaged in the great struggle for the rights of humanity. After the armistice was signed, he worked diligently to secure the discharge of all soldiers engaged in the agricultural enterprise in order that they might return to their homes and carry on their former vocations. He was also a strong advocate of the soldiers' land bill, which, in substance, later became one of the component parts of the bill for the relief of American soldiers engaged in the World War. He did this purely from the standpoint of an American citizen and statesman and in justice to our noble soldiers who so valiantly stood by the American Government in the greatest struggle ever known to the world.

Mr. MORGAN was a Christian gentleman. He was a member of the Christian Church and led a truly pure and Christian life. We believe that from what we know of him, and from what his many friends have said concerning him, that his life, public and private, may be expressed in the beautiful lines of the poet who said:

Do your work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen,
Make the house where God may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

It was his wish that he might be buried at Oklahoma City, the home of his only son, Porter H. Morgan; so in accordance with his wishes, at Oklahoma City on July 10, 1920, we consigned his dust to dust, and commended his spirit to God who gave it.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution previously adopted the House stands adjourned.

Accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 28, 1921, at 11 o'clock a. m.

SENATE.

MONDAY, February 28, 1921.

(Legislative day of Thursday, February 24, 1921.)

The Senate met at 11 o'clock a. m., on the expiration of the recess.

Mr. LODGE. Mr. President, I make the point of no quorum.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Secretary will call the roll.

The reading clerk called the roll, and the following Senators answered to their names:

Ashurst	Gooding	McLean	Smith, Md.
Ball	Gore	McNary	Smith, S. C.
Beckham	Gronna	Moses	Smoot
Borah	Hale	Myers	Spencer
Brandeggee	Harris	Nelson	Stanley
Calder	Harrison	New	Sterling
Capper	Heflin	Norris	Sutherland
Chamberlain	Henderson	Overman	Swanson
Colt	Hitchcock	Owen	Thomas
Culberson	Jones, N. Mex.	Page	Townsend
Cummins	Jones, Wash.	Phelan	Trammell
Curtis	Kellogg	Philips	Underwood
Dial	Kendrick	Pittman	Wadsworth
Dillingham	Kenyon	Poinexter	Walsh, Mass.
Edge	Keyes	Pomerene	Walsh, Mont.
Elkins	King	Ransdell	Warren
Fernald	Kirby	Reed	Watson
Fletcher	Knox	Robinson	Williams
France	La Follette	Sheppard	Willis
Frelinghuysen	Lenroot	Shields	Wolcott
Gay	Lodge	Simmons	
Gerry	McCumber	Smith, Ariz.	
Glass	McKellar	Smith, Ga.	

The VICE PRESIDENT. Eighty-nine Senators have answered to the roll call. There is a quorum present.